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## Go Feel what I have Felt.

[The circumstances which induced the  
writing of the following most touching and  
thrilling lines are as follows. A young lady  
of New York was in the habit of writing  
for the Philadelphia Ledger, on the subject  
of intemperance. Her writings were so full  
of pathos, and evinced such deep emotion  
of soul, that a friend of hers accused her of  
being a fanatic on the subject of temper-  
ance; whereupon she wrote the following  
lines:]

Go feel what I have felt.

Go hear what I have borne—

Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt,  
And the cold world's proud scorn;  
Then suffer on from year to year—  
Thy sole relief the scorching tear.

Go kneel as I have knelt.

Implore, beseech and pray—  
Strive the besotted heart to melt,  
The downward course to stay—  
Be dashed with bitter curse aside,  
Your prayers butlesqued, your tears defied.

Go weep as I have wept

O'er a loved father's fall—  
See every promise blessed swept—  
Youth's sweetness turned to gall;  
Life's fading flowers strewn all the way  
That brought me up to woman's day.

Go see what I have seen;

Behold the strong man bowed,  
With quivering teeth he bathed in blood,  
And cold and livid brow;  
Go catch his withered glance, and see  
There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go to the mother's side,

And her crushed bosom cheer;  
Thine own deep anguish hide,  
Wipe from her cheek the tear,  
Mark the worn frame and withered brow,  
The gray that streaks her dark hair now,  
With fading form and trembling limb,  
And trace the ruin back to him  
Whose pledged faith in early youth  
Promised eternal love and truth;  
But who, forsworn, hath yielded up  
That promise to the cursed cup,  
And led her down, through love and light,  
And all that made her future bright,  
And chained her there, 'mid want and  
strife.

That lowly thing, a drunkard's wife;  
And stamped on childhood's brow so mild,  
That withering blight, "the drunkard's  
child."

Go hear and see, and feel, and know.

Al that my soul hath felt and known;  
Then look upon the wine-cup's glow,  
See if its beauty can atone;  
Think if its flavor you will try,  
When all proclaim, "is 'drink and die!'"

Tell me "I hate the bowl!"

Hate is a feeble word;  
Loath—abhor—my very soul  
With strong disgust is stir'd  
When'er I see, or hear, or tell,  
Of the dark beverage of Hell!

☞ The Newport Herald, in an interest-  
ing article upon the age of trees, says among  
those whose ages have been ascertained,  
the elm has been known to live more  
than 500 years; the chestnut 600; the cedar  
800; oaks, from 1000 to 1500; and some of  
the woods of the tropical climes for three,  
four and five thousand years. The last,  
doubtful.

☞ A Yankee proposes to build an estab-  
lishment into which you may drive a sheep  
at one end, and have it come out at the  
other in four quarters of mutton, a felt hat,  
a pair of drawers, a leather apron, and a  
Dictionary.

☞ Rev. Charles Smith, of Boston, has  
requested his salary to be reduced from  
\$2,500 to \$2,000. A rare occurrence.

## Romance in Real Life.

We clip the following bit of romance  
from one of our exchanges:

In the obituaries of the London papers we  
observe the death of Lady Napier, the wife  
of Admiral Sir Charles Napier. The story  
of her courtship and marriage, which we  
happen to have heard, is somewhat curious.  
The father of Sir Charles was the Hon.  
Captain Napier, grand-uncle of the present  
ambassador at Washington. He was the  
superintendent of the Leith station, and had  
his residence at Merchiston, near the town  
of Falkirk. The mother of the young lady,  
who subsequently became Lady Napier, was  
the daughter of a Lieutenant on the same  
station, and an attachment sprang up be-  
tween her and young Charles at a very early  
age. This was disapproved of by the mo-  
ther of the incipient naval hero, who inter-  
cepted the young lady's letters, and Napier,  
then a boy of sixteen, went to sea under the  
impression that his sweetheart had jilted  
him. That was about the year 1796 or ear-  
lier. When the French and American wars  
closed, in 1815, Captain Napier, who had by  
that time signalled himself in many a hard  
fight, stepped on shore at Portsmouth. The  
first person he saw was his old sweetheart,  
now in widow's weeds, and accompanied by  
two interesting boys. She was going on  
board a packet for the Continent, and Napier  
followed and accosted her: "Why didn't you  
write to me?" said he, in the gruff manner  
for which he is notorious. "Why didn't you  
write to me?" said the lady. The state of  
the case was explained at once, and the  
Captain remarking that what was passed  
couldn't be helped, asked the lady if she had  
any objections to making matters right now.  
She had no objections. "Then," said the  
Captain, "these boys shall no longer be  
called Elers, but Napier," and, taking up a  
bucket of water, he baptized them on the  
spot by throwing the contents about their  
ears. In place of going to the continent the  
lady returned on shore and became Mrs.  
Napier. Her two sons afterward became  
well known by the name of Elers Napier.  
One entered the navy and the other the ar-  
my. The former was commander of one of  
the first steam frigates employed in the En-  
glish navy, and was lost with his vessel, in  
the year 1845, on the Sorella Rocks, in the  
Mediterranean. The other, Elers Napier,  
has shown so much of the Napierian spirit,  
both as a soldier and an author, that one is  
almost disposed to believe that the uncanon-  
ical baptism he underwent at the hands of  
his step-father must have had some spiritual  
efficacy.

PROGRESS IN RUSSIA.—A letter from St.  
Petersburg tells us that literary activity now  
prevails in Russia, of which the like was  
never seen before. A great many foreign  
contemporary authors of renown have just  
been translated, and amongst them are Ma-  
caulay, Grote and Prescott. Numerous  
works of native authors are announced.  
An "Illustrated St. Petersburg News" has  
been established. Theatrical, literary, sci-  
entific, military, maritime, and economic  
journals have been started; periodicals, con-  
taining original tales and translations, are  
numerous; even mild imitations of Punch  
are not wanting. And what is regarded  
as little short of stupendous, some of the new  
journals are actually allowed to be sold in  
the streets as newspapers are in London.

☞ We received a visit from Mr. W. F.  
Parrett, of Warrick county, and ascertained  
from him, during our interview, that should  
he get the nomination, he will make the race  
for the Judgeship of this judicial district. Mr.  
Parrett's acquirements as a lawyer are ade-  
quate to the discharge of the duties of the  
position, and his great services in behalf  
of the democratic party entitle him to their as-  
sistance in obtaining it. Mr. Parrett is so  
well known to the democracy in this district  
that it is unnecessary for us to expatiate upon  
his character. We hope he will receive the  
nomination, because we believe he merits it,  
and because if he be elected, he will, we  
know, make an able and an upright judge.  
—Evansville Enquirer.

☞ "Why don't you put on a clean  
shirt!" said a well-dressed for the other  
night to his companion; "then the girls  
will smile upon you as they do on me."  
"Everybody can't afford to wear a clean  
shirt every day as well as you," was the  
reply. "Why not?" said white collar. "Be-  
cause," said soiled collar, "everybody's moth-  
er is not a washerwoman!"

## Loveliness.

What constitutes loveliness? Not the  
polished brow, nor the show and parade of  
fashionable life. A woman may have all  
the outward marks of beauty, and yet not  
possess a lovely character. It is the bene-  
volent disposition—the kind acts and the  
Christian deportment. It is in the heart  
where meekness, truth, affection and hu-  
mility are found—where we look for loveliness  
—nor do we look in vain. The woman who  
can soothe the aching heart, smooth the  
wrinkled brow, alleviate the anguish of the  
mind, and pour the balm of consolation in the  
wounded breast, possesses, in an eminent de-  
gree, true loveliness of character. She is  
the real companion of a man, and does the  
work of an angel. It is such a character  
that blesses with warmth and sunshine, and  
maketh the earth to resemble the Paradise  
of God.

CONFIDENCE IN MAN.—People have gener-  
ally three epochs in their confidence in man.  
In the first they believe him to be every-  
thing that is good, and they are lavish with  
their friendship and confidence. In the  
next they have had experience, which has  
smitten down their confidence, and they  
then have to be careful not to mistrust ev-  
ery one, and to put the worst construction  
upon everything. Later in life they learn  
that the greater number of men have much  
more good in them than bad, and that even  
when there is cause to blame there is more  
reason to pity than condemn; and then a  
spirit of confidence again awakens within  
them.

THE LONGEST RIVER.—If the lower Mis-  
sissippi and the Missouri be taken to be, as  
they properly are one stream, then have we  
a river 4,500 miles in length—the longest  
river in the world. It presents, likewise,  
the longest stretch of continuous river naviga-  
tion; it being nearly 4,000 miles from the  
Gulf of Mexico to the extreme limit of boat-  
ing at the falls of the Missouri. The aggre-  
gate length of steam navigation upon this  
river and its tributaries, coursing through  
the great basin of the Mississippi, is esti-  
mated by Col. Long, of the Topographical  
Engineers, at 16,872 miles.

☞ A missionary once rebuked a South  
Sea Islander for the sin of polygamy. Af-  
ter a week or two the cannibal returned, his  
face radiant with joy. "Me all right now;  
only one wife. Me very good christian."  
"What did you do with the other?" asked the  
missionary. "Me eat her up."

☞ A gentleman sat down to write a deed,  
and began, "Know one woman by these  
presents." "You are wrong," said a by-  
stander it should be, "Know all men." "Very  
well," answered the other, "if one woman  
knows it, all men will soon know it, too."

GENUINE POLITEREN.—A gentleman once,  
in conversation in the company of ladies,  
and criticizing rather severely the want of  
personal beauty in other ladies of their ac-  
quaintance remarked:

"They are the ugliest women I know;"  
and then with extraordinary politeness, ad-  
ded—"present company always excepted."

☞ A man sentenced to be hung was  
visited by his wife, who said, "My dear, would  
you like the children to see you executed?"  
"No," replied he. "That's just like you," said  
she, "you never wanted the children to have  
any enjoyment."

THE "MAINE LAW" RE-ENACTED.—The  
people of Maine, on Monday, voted on the  
question of adopting a prohibitory, or re-  
taining their present license law in regard  
to the sale of liquor. They have chosen the  
former by a very great majority.

☞ The Troy Times describes blasted  
hopes, to be "marrying a woman with the  
hopes of getting \$50,000 with her, and when  
the union is consummated, to be presented  
with a bill of last year's board."

☞ Great men never swell; it is only  
three cent individuals, who are salaried at  
the rate of two hundred dollars a year and  
dine on potatoes and dried herrings.

☞ A convention of German musicians  
of the north-western States is to be held at  
Indianapolis on Tuesday and Wednesday  
next.

☞ Mrs. Thomas, a washerwoman of De-  
troit, has recently fallen heir to a fortune  
of a million of dollars in Europe.

☞ A crowd is not company.

## For the Jasper Courier. To Vindex.

Man wandered in Eden in search of a wife,  
Through mazes of roses deploring his fate,  
Till woman was given he little possessed,  
In her he had heaven, a wife, and was  
blessed.

Let the bachelor boast of his freedom from  
care,

In pleasures so selfish I've no wish to share,  
Give me, as I travel the rough road of life,  
The best of companions—an affectionate  
wife.

Should fortune attend me, and plenty pro-  
vide,

My joy will be doubled with her by my side;  
If sickness and sorrow my footsteps attend,  
In her I shall ever at least have a friend.

How sweet in the evening, when business  
is done,

To return to the side of the dear cherished  
one,

To find in her love a treasure so pure,  
That nothing in this world besides can pro-  
cure.

Boast not of friendship—one half of your  
friends,

But court you, and please you, to serve their  
own ends,

Still changing and faithless—but while you  
have breath,

A wife will attend you in sickness or death.

Then tell me no more of your bachelor joys,  
Of women and children and prattle and  
noise;

I'd rather, by far, call a woman my own,  
Than have all you offer, and life all a'one.

If single, get married as fast as you can,  
A bachelor hardly can rank with a man;

Time passes quickly, death soon swallows  
life,

And he has had nothing who ne'er had a  
wife.

MARRIAGES.—Let people prate as they  
will, the woman was never born yet who  
would not cheerfully and proudly give her  
self and her whole destiny into a worthy  
husband, at the right time and under fitting  
circumstances; that is, when her whole heart  
and conscience accompanied and sanctified  
the gift. But marriage ought always to be  
a question, not of necessity, but choice; ev-  
ery girl ought to be taught that a hasty, love-  
less union stamps upon her almost as foul  
dishonor as one of those connections which  
omit the legal ceremony altogether; and  
that, however pale, dreary, and toilsome  
a single life may be, unhappy married life  
must be ten-fold worse—an ever-haunting  
temptation, an incurable regret, a torment  
from which there is no escape but death.

THE GROWTH OF OUR CITIES OLD AND  
NEW.—Boston was trying to grow nearly  
one hundred years before it attained a popu-  
lation of ten thousand;

Albany was two hundred years;

New York was one hundred and thirty  
years;

Philadelphia, settled sixty or seventy years  
later, grew much faster than the older cities,  
and arrived at the dignity of ten thousand, in  
much less time, that is, in about fifty years;

New Orleans was about 100 years old  
before she had that number;

During the first 100 years after the settle-  
ment of Boston (1630), she was the largest  
city of the colonies;

New York became as populous as Bos-  
ton just before the Revolutionary war;

Philadelphia had taken the lead of both  
her older sisters many years before the  
war;

About 1811, New York became as popu-  
lous as Philadelphia, each containing 100,  
000 inhabitants;

Baltimore overtook Boston about the  
year 1800.

The principle new cities grew to the  
number of 10,000 nearly as follows: Pitts-  
burg in 65 years; Louisville, 50 years; Cin-  
cinnati, 22 years; Chicago, 12 years; and  
Milwaukee, 10 years.

The above named cities attained to 20,  
000 in the number of years from their birth  
as follows: Boston 163; Albany, 220; New  
York, 150; Philadelphia, 80; New Orleans,  
112; Baltimore, about 80; Pittsburg, 75;  
Louisville, 61; Cincinnati, 30; Cleveland,  
45; Detroit, 52; Chicago, 16; and Milwau-  
kee, 17 years.—Toledo (Ohio) Blade.

Be not obstinate in your own opinion.

## AGRICULTURAL.

### When Shall we Sell?

This is a question among farmers of  
no little importance. There is a time  
to sell as well as a time to raise, and  
wise is he who learns when that time  
is. Some farmers always hold on for  
higher prices, let the price be what-it  
may at the time an article is ready for  
the market. Others sell as much as  
possible before their produce is ready  
for sale, for fear there may be a fall in  
the market. We have known wool  
growers to bargain their wool several  
months in advance of the time of de-  
livery, and others to keep it as many  
months after it ought to have been  
converted into money. As a rule,  
both of these classes are in the wrong.  
It is altogether probable that the best  
rule is to sell when an article is ready.  
Pork and beef should be sold when  
they are ready, wool when it is ready,  
grain when it is ready, root crops,  
hemp, hay, and nearly every principal  
article of agriculture by the same rule.  
By keeping after the proper time of  
sale there is always some loss, some  
money laid out of, and many little in-  
cidental losses and expenses that  
amount to considerable. As a general  
rule, one year with another, the mar-  
ket price is best at the regular time of  
sale. So that he who makes it a rule  
to sell everything at a proper season,  
in the long run gets the best prices,  
meets with the fewest losses, and re-  
alizes the largest profits.

The past season farmers generally  
violated this rule, which did not a lit-  
tle to intensify the panic and heighten  
the general pecuniary embarrassment  
of the country, and so in the end to  
reduce the prices of their own pro-  
ducts. Had the farmers all over the  
country observed this rule, and pushed  
everything into market as fast as it  
was ready, it would have kept up a  
brisk trade, and prevented in a great  
measure the present pecuniary disas-  
ters. Farmers are scarcely aware of  
the position they occupy in relation to  
the commercial world. There are  
times when their sales, or refusal to  
sell may make or break a whole coun-  
try. Country merchants everywhere  
depend on the farmers sales to make  
the money to meet their maturing city  
bills; and city merchants depend on  
the country merchants for the means  
to meet their bills with the manufac-  
turer and foreign dealer. So when the  
farmers refuse to sell they cramp the  
trade of the country merchant and his  
note goes to protest in the city. His  
failure breaks the city merchant; the  
failure of the city merchant alarms the  
whole country, creates a panic, and  
down comes the prices, and the farmer  
suffers with all the rest. If the farm-  
er's sales were as regular as his har-  
vests, the commercial could calculate  
with certainty upon its trade, and gen-  
eral failure or embarrassment need  
never occur. Farmers could never  
suffer from such a cause, for the com-  
petition among traders would ensure  
them all that could be afforded for their  
produce. So we conclude that it would  
not only be best for farmers, but best  
for the whole country and world, for  
them to observe the rule to sell always  
when an article is ready for market—  
to sell cotton, wool, sugar, hemp,  
wheat, stock, and all the leading arti-  
cles of produce, at the time they are  
prepared for sale.—Valley Farmer.

☞ If you desire to be certain that  
your eggs are good and fresh, put  
them in water. If the big ends turn  
up, they are not fresh. This is an in-  
fallible rule to tell a good egg from a  
bad one.